

I changed the tape in the video recorder on top of the filing cabinet where the meds were. That was for our security. Like the locks it didn't work. The tape was supposed to record what the cameras saw on the front porch and right outside the back door. Most of the time the lights were burnt out because Babs and Gladys were fighting over whose job it was to change the bulb. Consequently the cameras often saw nothing but darkness occasionally illuminated by flares from the matches of tenants smoking on the steps. At other times they saw events.

WELCOME

* TO

Had the cameras been working they would have filmed innumerable cigarette breaks. Every hour or so Adam would invite the manager to join him in the smoking lounge or on the porch. When I wasn't working I often saw them there on my way in or out of my flophouse next door. I'd say hello and ask them how it was going. Later, if Adam was alone, he'd tease me about something and toss me his empty cigarette pack.

Michael often sat on the top step and smoked. He was what Caspar called "passive-aggressive." He played the victim to get his way. His squeaky little voice incensed Serge, who considered it beneath his dignity to work for people who didn't have any pride. Every time he heard that voice,